FOUR
POPULAR
SONGS,

viz.:—

ALICE GRAY.

My Mither men't my auld breeks.

WILL THE WEAVER,

AND

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

STIRLING:
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Alice Gray.

She's all my fancy painted her.
She's lovely she's divine,
But her heart it is another's,
It never can be mine ;
O few have lov'd as I have lov'd,
My love can not decay,
O my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brew hair is braided,
O'er a brow of spotless white,
The softness of her beaming eye,
Must all the world delight ;
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away,
Yet my heart, my heart, is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath a summer's sun,
And shivered in the blast ;
But now my pilgrimage is done,
The weary conflict's past !
When laid within the silent grave,
May pity haply say,
O his heart, his heart, was broken,
For the love of Alice Gray,

My Mither men't my auld breeks.

My mither men't my auld breeks,
An wow but they were duddy,
An sent me to get shod the mare,
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;

The smiddy stands beside the burn,
That wimples through the clachan
I never yet gae by the door,
But aye I fa' a laughin'.

For Robin was a wealthy Carle,
An' had ae bonny dochter,
But ne'er would let her tak a man,
Tho mony lads had sought her;

But what think ye o' my exploit!—
The time our mare was shoeing,
I slipped up beside the lass,
And briskly fell a wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
The time that we sat crackin;
Quo I my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
I've new anes for the makin'.

But gin you'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle your father
Ye'se get the claes to keep in trim,
Mysel' an' a thegither.

'Deed lad, quo she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,

For my wife she does declare,
That the breeches she will wear.

Is she bold or is she quiet?
Is she costly in her diet?
Loving son give her her due,
Let me hear no more from you.

Going one night to my treasure,
Their I met an honest neighbour.
Says. kind sir, I'll tell you who
I saw with your wife just now.

I saw her and Will the weaver,
They were unco close the-gither,
At the threshold of the door,
They went in I saw no more.

Thank you kindly honest neighbour.
I'll reward you for your labour;
If I catch him at my corn,
Better had he ne'er been born.

He went home in a great wonder,
Knocking at the door like thunder,
Who is that? Will the weaver cries,
'Tis my husband, you must rise

Sae gang awa' get out the mare,
We'll baith slip oh the back o't;
For gin I wait my fathers time,
I'll wait till I be fifty—
But na, I'll marry when I am young
An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty.

Wow? Robin was an angry man,
At losing o' his dochter;
Thro a' the kintra side he ran,
An' far an' near he sought her;
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo I gudeman, I ve ta'en your bairn
An' ye may tak' my niither.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,
Guid faith? quo he you re merry;
But I'll just tak' you at your word,
An' end this hurry burry;
So Robin an' our auld guidwife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
And Robin has my mither.

Will the Weaver.

Mother dear now I'm married,
I wish I had longer tarried

Where have you been at your pleasure.
Spending all your time and tresure,
He searched the whole house round,
Not a soul was to be found,

On the floor he stood amazed,
Up the chimney then he gazed
There he saw the dripping soul,
Sitting on the chimney pole.

Ha, ha! my lad, since I hae found ye,
I will neither hang nor drown ye,
But I'll stiffle you with smoke,
This he thought but nothing spoke.

He put on a rousing fire
For to please his own desire,
His wife caied out with free goodwill
Husband dear a man you'll kill.

From the chimney then he took him,
Then so miraily as he shook him,
At every blow these words he spoke,
Come no more to stop my smoke.

Never was a chimney sweeper,
Half so black as Will the Weaver,

Hands and face and nose likewise,
Sent him home with two black eyes

O wat ye wha's in yon Town.

O wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'ening sun upon;
The fairest maid's in yon town,
The eening sun is shining on
Now haply down by yon green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree,
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw!
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear.
The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
Among the broomy braes sae green
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure is my Jean.

Without my love, not all the charms,
Of paradise could give me joy;
But gie my Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave would be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air,
And she a lovely little flower,
That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The setting sun's gaun down upon;
The dearest maid's in yon town,
His setting beam e'er shone upon,
If angry fate be sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doomed to bear,
I'll careless quit aught else below;
But spare, Oh! spare my Jeanie dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;
For as most lovely is her form,
She has the truest kindest heart.

FINIS.